SOME NEW BOOKS.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor's Reminiscences It was a happy thought of Mrs. T. P. O'CONNOR, when she decided to write her reminiscences, to adopt as title an individual form of the "Sinn Fein," borne I Myseli (Brentano's). Where she faith-

Mrs. O'Connor was born in Texas, the daughter of Judge Paschal, her mother being also of French descent, and sprang from a more "aristocratic" family than

that of her husband, as she took care to any characteristic in Betty which offended her elegant tastes. Her mother was a passionate gardener, and as the two small sons of her adored black mammy were continually in the garden rooting up flowers, throwing stones at the chickens and creating general havoc, her mother persuaded her father so sell black mammy and the pickaninnies to a woman who lived twenty-five miles from Austin. A sweet when her father was Governor of Florida faced Irish nurse took mammy's place, but little Betty dissolved into tears and wailings and cried night and day for a fortnight: "I want my mammy!" Dolls and indulgence proved powerless to comfort her, and at last the doctor was comfort her, and at last the doctor was storm brewing, she wore a long linen lace called in, found her in a high fever and trimmed "shift" and a white satin dress literally starving to death and declared that there was no remedy except to buy back mammy. Betty was only 4 years old, too young to be convinced that mammy would return; but happily that very day. while she was refusing the most alluring dainties, black mammy made her appearance, having run away from her count in those days, and the mature owner, walked the twenty-five miles in woman with wide experience of life sums the sun without food or drink, and all up the subject: "I do most bitterly regret because she had had awful dreams in my want of education and always have which she thought the child was dying and always will, and among my life's and because she could hear her crying for many failures and wants this want and her incessantly. The next day, after failure of an education I consider the the emotion of the joyful reunion had greatest of all." But Mrs. O'Connor will calmed down, Judge Paschal went to hardly win much sympathy on this score Hester's owner and tried to buy her back as it is quite evident that she posse and her boys. But the new owner was that which is infinitely more valuable to a obdurate; she said the children were woman, charm and the social gifts; and valuable and she had got them cheap, and no price would induce her to part with Texas home until her father married a them, though he could have Hester, who handsome and accomplished woman who was lazy. Judge Paschal left the decision preferred to live in Washington, whereto Hester, and she settled that she would remain with Betty, who was a terribly scene of her conquests to the capital. nervous, delicate child, remarking that There, while she was still very young, she them little niggers of mine are strong, attended a fancy dress ball as the Moon, healthy children, they'll grow up anyhow, so I have decided to stay with my white From that moment, says Mrs. Sheppard that he meant to marry her-O'Connor, she was much more mammy's they were not acquainted-which he did bond slave than ever mammy was hers in the following winter. If she did not want to do anything mammy had only to say: "I might have knowed this. I done give up my own childern for you, an' here you're treatin' me without any respec'." Thereupon little Betty did whatever was wanted of her whether

it was reasonable or not. Mammy was not only imperious, she Paschal, who attributed Betty's freckles. large feet and all defects, physical or otherwise, to the plebeian blood on the father's side. Mammy strictly objected to Betty's playing with the delightful children of a tinsmith who lived near them and preached eternally on the necesthem and preached eternally on the neces-sity of keeping to your own class. "Dem Mr. A. M. Palmer decided that she had suf-Bates chillun ain't bad chillun: I ain't sayin' dey is; but who dey gran'pa? Dey ain't nobody in de roun' worl' dat knows or dat wants to know." The person of all others whom the author has loved most divorce lawyer, the best and greatest of depressing in life than the feeling of havpeacemakers between warring couples, ing missed one's vocation, and it has aland possessed of a beautiful faith. After the civil war, when America she felt was most congenial and best countryman. Finally this man came up of doing so she undertook to support her and spoke to him, saving: "Excuse me, come to New York to make my fortune. I have got the whole of my capital with total stranger like myself and ask for such down Broadway the whole day, looking for knew that I had found one." Judge Paschal did not tell him how to invest his money, but introduced him to a reand selling cotton. Among the Judge's clients was the famous Mrs. Myra Clark Harpers, and when there were more than Gaines, and when he died she paid him a she could cope with she farmed them out magnificent tribute, after thirty years of to her friends. This employment conthe closest association with him and having become suspicious of human nature through very many experiences. She said to the author: "Your father, Judge Paschal, never thought or said or did a mean thing in the whole of his life.

At the tender age of 6 Betty solemnly Sally as maid to a Mrs. Birrell of Connectiback, whereupon Mrs. Paschal promptly After six weeks of hard, never ending tirely taken up by arguments work on the part of the Paschals, their The deelge, it may be mentioned, was a as she might change her mind. lawyer, and remained faithful to his con- who loves uncertainty and change, though Texas was unanimous in its adopportunity of using his persuasive powout another and a differently constituted innocent scheme. The result was that power. In the winter evenings there was the man. Obviously the wife was thrown Lord Burnham offered T. P. "The Bar of reading aloud of Scott, Dickens, Bulwer." the end of the war, when the Confederacy he has every reason to be proud. the end of the war, when the Confederacy was nearing its end, a small party of tanatics decided to hang him as the leader his work and follow her to America; it is in the I nion mea of the State. He was seemed absurd for her to he married one and to he married one he married one to he married one he

by the famous Irish society, and call it details recorded of her youth two may be selected. Her Aunt Mary, Mrs. Matthew fully acheres to the motto she is delight. Hayes, was an angel upon earth, a real ful. Unhappily on the most interesting veritable angel dropped from heaven by suggests she feels bound to maintain accident. When very young she had accident. When very young she had bold rider, the possessor of a good bary tone voice and great charm of manner and who was very popular. Consequently he was in great demand, and Aunt Mary led a lonely life. After his death Aunt Mary announced to the family that if she married again it would be the ugliest man she could find, and one day in Galveston she came back to Mrs. Paschal and said: state, in spite of her profound affection for | "Marcia, I've seen the man. I met him him when discoursing on the subject of on the street to-day, and he is ugly enough to suite ven me, and I'm sure he can't sing. She actually did marry him and the union

turned out ideal. The second anecdote relates to Aunt Elizabeth, after whom the author was named and with whom she lived after her mother's death until her father decided to send her to boarding school in the North. she spent several winters in Washington What particularly interested her niece was the description of her costume at her first ball at the White House. Although it was a cold night and there was a snow with a blond lace bertha, while her hair was crowned by a wreath of silver leaves. After a few years at the Georgetown convent and a school in White Plains the young girl returned to Texas. She had learned little at school; neither curriculum nor methods of study were of much acthese she promptly exercised in her old upon fascinating Betty transferred the and an extraordinarily handsome young Sir Walter Raleigh announced to Gov.

Before long apparently her father's health began to fail, and as her little family, with others, was dependent on him, she went to Gen. Grant, then President, and applied for work. He provided it among the archives, then in process of being sorted. was more "aristocratic" than even Mrs. indexed and made into books. Consider ing her too young to go to an office, he insisted on the manuscript being sent to her home to be worked upon, though Secretary of War Cameron opposed the favor. When she was in New York that year on her vacation she made an effort to go on ficient individuality to be worth training. She signed her contract with him before she returned to Washington, but her father declared that he would rather see her dead than a "play actress," so she was life, she says, was her father, a fine forced to renounce the project. But she unselfish man in the family, a famous says of it: "Nothing is sadder or more which at once inspired confidence and she did not enter upon the career which was in a chaotic state, Judge Paschal suited for her on her removal to New York was in New York, and walking down after her father's death, which appears Broadway he passed once or twice a tall not to have been long delayed. Instead little son and herself, having at some time sir, but I have left the South and have not stated become a widow, by newspaper work. Thanks to an article which she sent to a New York newspaper about "A me, \$3,000. Can you tell me how to invest | Parisian Romance" and Richard Mansfield "Well, my dear sir," replied Judge she was engaged by Mr. Hurlbert as a re-Paschal, "how is it that you address a porter at a weekly wage and wrote a series of articles called "Curious Occupations," an important piece of advice?" The man which necessitated her seeing half the answered: "I have been walking up and crooks of the town. She was also assigned to describe the famous Vanderbilt ball. an honest man, and as soon as I saw you Provided with information as to the architecture of the house and with introduc tions to its inhabitants by the late Richard Hunt, everything was made easy for her. sponsible banker, and the man afterward She was invited to the affair and otherestablished a good business by buying wise had every facility. Later she go work as reader of manuscripts to the tinued two or three years.

After a very serious attack of peritonitis she went to Ireland, remaining there several months until her health was re stored. Thence she went to London, and there the American Vice-Consul came at once to call upon her. As she was to be announced to her father that she was an in town only a very few days, he proposed abolitionist. expecting tragic results, to take her that same evening to the House famous literary man, there was scarcely and was offended because he laughed at of Commons to be introduced to Justin her. But she contrived more than once, McCarthy, whom he knew. Great was her. But she contrived more than once, McCarthy, whom he knew. Great was house. Therefore it was a question by dint of screaming and even of kick-their vexation to find that McCarthy had whether, as the wife of an Irish Member ing and biting to prevent the infliction of gone for the evening; but the big, good whippings on their own slaves and the natured policeman proposed to take the claves of neighbors. She mentions the Vice-Consul's card to Mr T. P. O'Connor well known fact that although the people, and thereby proved a novel sort of Cupid. of the North were all against slavery, After that the Vice-Consul and "T. P. they often made much the more cruel and called on her every day and sometimes tyrannical masters and mistresses of the twice a day, but they never became connegroes, and she tells of one dreadful genial in spite of this unparalleled opcase. Her Uncle Tom hired out black portunity for getting well acquainted When the lady announced her betrothal cut. Sometime later Sally arrived at their to "Tay Pay" the Vice-Consul was dishouse, announcing that she had run away, tinetly pessimistic and gave her an exand showed Mrs. Paschal and Betty her ceedingly long list of unhappy international marriages. This, however, was From Sally's neck to her heels about six weeks later, after she had been she had been flayed, and scarcely an inch to Paris and again to Ireland. She reof skin remained. The mistress had, mained ten days in London before startmoreover, rubbed salt into the raw flesh, ing for America, and the time was en-"T. P." and herself as to whether the marrelatives and their servants Sally's life riage should take place then, or at all, or was saved: but Judge Pasenal, after suing the following summer, when she was com-Mrs. Birrell for persistent cruelty, only ing to Europe again. Her friend in Ireagovered the price of the doctor's bills. land advised T. P. to marry her at once, Union man, a convinced constitutional enhanced my value in the eyes of T. P., victions throughout the civil war, al- marks the author, "and it gave him an activity and work that would have worn with him in which she laid before him her poets. The story tellers asserted their

poracily placed in jail, where Betty day and sail alone for America the next, sited him, then taken a hundred miles and she would not consent to be parted from the beginning of my married life where the Laboucheres lived at one time, that she was fascinated, also that she eat

England in the following June she took her ten-year-old son with her, promising not to marry T. P. without his approval, and having received it, they were married to witness the ceremony but spending the time in decorating the flat to welcome them on their arrival.

Just at this point, the beginning of her American and English men appears nevertraordinary marriages which they make. American men, she says, like women as anybody? another woman. Very frequently his marriage does not interfere with the friendship, which resembles in many respect the friendship between men. Englishmen (and she emphasizes the fact that she is not alluding to exceptions) like being the head of the Fenians in America much as mothers and sisters, and their friendships, intellectual, personal and political, are with other men.

wife to make him happy. The frank indifof the average Englishman are valuable inevitably/ different, and there is where all the unhappiness and misery step in. In general Mrs. O'Connor is of the opinion that men are more simple and unsuspicious than women. A clever adventuress can play upon a man as upon a responsive instrument. When the wife is honest and the adventuress dishonest the wife must inevitably go to the wall and get the worst of it. Not precisely connected with self-reliance and self-control, these pronouncements but certainly illuminating a later definite plaint and Mrs. O'Connor's depressed though completely correct view of human affairs is the cir cumstance that T. P., being engaged until the last minute writing in his study with the boy waiting at his elbow for copy, totally forgot the wedding ring, and Mary O'Connor was forced to rush to the Stores and buy one; "and we have been rushing to the Stores ever since for forgotten things," adds the bride, neglecting, however, to explain what had become of the that he hears and to invent the rest. ring which was presumably purchased for the two wedding appointments five

months previously. Then came experiences of various sorts. as feeling was still running high against the authorities to conjecturing the conwere cautiously run through the boxes to discover whether they contained dynaof herself, the portrait of Madre Isabella Iturbide, a famous Mexican nun. The O'Connors were dreadfully poor in those days, and the author and Mary O'Connor made their own gowns, not very success fully, and economized desperately. Every woman will sympathize with the author's works charge £5, and there was not that much money in the combined exchequer so she wrote and made a present of the draperies to Pullar's. They refused the gift, she persisted in her generosity, and after a lively correspondence the curtains reappeared with a much collapsed bill. The man who brought them requested the servant that he might be allowed to deliver them in person, as he wanted to see the only customer for whom the firm had ever reduced a bill in his recollection.

When Mrs. O'Connor was first married Irish politics was neither popular nor fashionable, and with the exception of Justin McCarthy, who had been in constant demand in every great house in London as a delightful conversationalist and a Nationalist who had entered an English of Parliament, she would be received by English people or not; but her own charm ing personality won the day. The drawbacks to her happiness seem to have been solely of a domestic nature; T. P. was almost never at home, and the "home" was to have ceased to exist altogether.

One day at lunch when T. P. was complaining of his chronic ill health Justin Huntly McCarthy laughingly said: "T. P. you are a remarkable speaker and a retion T. P. could untiringly make seven health would improve after continual week end, and had a long walk and talk cation. She read "frantically" the Polish I had another charm, that of being even

to release him. Betty had torn the mask from the face of one among the capturing band, scratched his cheeks and bitten a piece of flesh nearly out of his hand.

On the whole her family seems to have escaped all serious trouble or privation during the war. But around the following day and select an engaged during the war. But around the following the serious trouble or privation at least, then carried her off the Germans. She proposition and public dinners and dining in the House and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and agreeable, and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and public dinners and dining in the House his pocket a special license for their maring and public dinners and dining in the House husband, a member of Parliament, was likely in the House his pocket a special license for the Margaret's, Westminster, and or- still find him an agreeable man.' She dered the sexton to have clergyman and caps this remark with an anecdote conwitnesses ready for a wedding on Friday; cerning a cook, an Irishwoman, who, but the lady, still determined to assert her rights, told the ancient servitor that the bride was very ill, and the man eventute of the bride was very ill, and the man eventute of the conversation: "Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have the bride was very ill, and the man eventuate of the conversation: "Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have the bride was very ill, and the man eventuate of the conversation: "Mr. Bright, the conversation: "Mr. Bright, the conversation of success she feels bound to maintain accident. When the same seed and that silence results in restrictions and causing her to dwell at the manage and causing her to dwell at bold rider, the possessor of a good barypointment that very day, with his special and asked who he was. "I don't know, license. When the author returned to ma'am," replied the cook, "I never say him before," and said he was then using the telephone. "What impudence!" said Mrs. O'Connor; then she donned her most and having received it, they were married becoming peignor and went down stairs, at a quiet little church, the boy refusing only to discover that it was T. P.

By way of encouraging American housewives who long for "English servants" we may venture to quote one more of Mrs. O'Connor's experiences. One servant proved inconvenient in view of their numerous visitors for whom the door had new life, the author gives us the fruit of her observations (of later years obviously) upon American and English husbands. She married Mr. O'Connor besort he had an instinctive aversion to opencause she believed in him and in home ing the door, and one day when Mrs. rule, because she had been brought up O'Connor was busy with sleeves rolled up by her father to love England and the arranging a cupboard, she heard the door-English (rather conflicting reasons pos- bell ring several times. Then she called sibly from T. P.'s point of view) and "William!" and after an interval she heard thought she would be happy in England. the door opened, and William appeared She has asserted at an earlier stage of her in her room, his face a navy blue from reminiscences that she has no intuition, is grime and dust, and announced sulkily. forever being taken in by people despite "There's an ould woman downstairs," her disillusions because she is not a judge "Where is she?" "On the mat," said of human nature. But what she says of William; and when the author had finished her cupboard, pulled down her sleeves theless to be just, and certainly her and descended she found the Baroness analysis of the latter is about the only Burdett-Coutts standing in the hall. thing which accounts for the many ex- A few days later her little son said to her: "If I tell you something you won't tell William says he is not going friends, comrades, companions. The to clean his teeth with your toothbrush American man likes one woman—he loves any more, it's so hard it makes his gums fectionate terms, and before they were to snother woman. Very frequently his marbleed. As she found a bird seed in the meet again her divorce would have ended brush she inferred that it had also been used for other purposes, and returned her. That winter he wrote "The Luck William (with the toothbrush). She was credited by public report with

women as wives and sweethearts, not and with writing the whole of M. A. P. (Mainly About People) from cover to cover as well as T. P.'s political speeches To the Irishwoman who made this last The American man expects to make his statement to her she replied that she did rife happy; the Englishman expects his not, adding, "But I'll tell you a secret, I did write all of Mr. Gladstone's," ference, the good looks and the manliness | the lady, who despite her nationality possessed only a slight sense of humor, lookweapons for arousing the interest of an ing bewildered. Nevertheless she could American woman; but there are very few not but form definite opinions of the promsuccessful international marriages, Fng-lish or European. Their point of view is brought her in contact, and one of her enthusiasms is for Mr. Parnell. What made him a great leader was that he inspired other men, even the timid, with his flaming spirit. A braver man she never saw, she says, but a time came when his courage availed him nothing. He had every quality to hold the Irish party together for fifteen years, mysteriousness, which appealed to the Irish imagination; patience and willingness to bide his time, the power of quick, decisive action in crises. In a way, Mrs. O'Connor says, he was very American. He could be as silent and watchful as a red Indian; he had perfect faith in himself: he stood alone, and he had the superabundant energy of the American, that flerce energy which eventually drove him to his death. But in one fatal particular he resembled his country. men. It is said that every Irishman has a hman whose business it is to report all Mr. Parnell had more than one speci

abominable type busily employed in con-stantly betraying his followers and stir-First of all she had her household gods ring up strife not only between himself and books sent over from America, and and them but between the Irish members home rule these big cases arriving from men were persons of no importance, of New York addressed to T. P. O'Connor set narrow intellect and of small outlook, yet they were able to set the ball rolling which tents, with the result that long iron spikes temporarily divided and ruined the Irish party and delayed home rule for several years. Like all great leaders, Mr. Parnell mite or infernal machines. One spike was inordinately selfish. When he put up pierced the cheek of a portrait given to Capt. O'Shea for T. P.'s seat Mrs. O'Con Mrs. T. P. as a conventionalized likeness nor was visiting in the north of Ireland, but she somehow felt that he would get T. P. to go with him to Galway and that it was asking far too great a sacrifice. as T. P. represented the town and was both trusted and beloved there. He of all the members should not have been asked by Mr. Parnell to support Capt. O'Shea, and affair over cleaning her curtains; the dye she wrote to T. P. imploring him not to go to Galway. But it was in vain, and the fact that he did go made a grave quarrel between them; but whatever Mr. Parnell demanded from his followers he got no matter how difficult the command. He subordinated everything and every man to himself. He was without doubt the 'Ides of March."

men of this particularly mischievous and

"Uncrowned King," but Galway was his Mrs. O'Connor has reason to pride herself upon being of the greatest service to her husband at various crises through her intuition, sound judgment and energetic, usband at various crises through her well directed action. An instance is her insisting upon T. P. keeping on with the Star, for which all arrangements had been made, instead of downheartedly (and magnanimously), yielding the field tells how she and her youngest brother maid how she liked the trip. Said Anusia, to Mr. Morley and a projected evening went to the window when the shooting "O Holy Mother, nothing but wind and paper because home rule was to come

to Ireland through the Liberals and John a picture met my eyes. On the opposite to Modjeska. She wrote home: "New Morley with his paper could be of such side of the street a man lies on his back York is a monstrous, untidy bazaar. The service to the party. Mrs. T. P. raged, on the pavement; his shirt is open, in the the Star was not dropped and made a middle of his breast gapes a red wound. great success from the very first number. A woman kneels by him, trying to stop and she cheerfully went to live over the the blood, which drips on the pavement offices and press rooms, where the roar and congeals. The face of the man is city is as ugly as can be. But what makes and shaking were almost incessant and white, the eyes staring wide open. In the quite intolerable, in the hope that fortune middle of the street a boy of 10 or 12 lies, are the soles of men's boots in the winwould smile upon them at last. On his face to the ground. Oh, the pity of it! maintained on such scanty and precarious another occasion, when T. P. was in a Oh, the sight of murder and death for a singular custom of sitting in rocking funds and changed so often that it was a most depressed state of mind about the child's eyes! The marring of the fresh never ceasing problem, and seems at last lowness of his exchequer, she said: "Why bloom of a little soul with such a tinge of downsills. You can see and admire the don't you do some work for the Daily relegraph? I am sure they would be glad to have you." "Oh, no, they wouldn't," he said; "but they know where frame. Some other wounded men are I am, and if they wanted me to do any carried away. The street is alive markable journalist, but above all and work they would say so." Mrs. T. P. walling, lamenting people, and we sit by beyond all a remarkable, indeed a won- had just been reading in an American the window and look and look, taking in derful, invalid; always very ill but at paper an admirable sentiment which was every detail of that sad, never to be forwas enthe same time perfectly well and absobetween lutely robust. I shall write an article struck her fancy: "The difference between call, 'Helcia! Adolphe!' makes us leave and call it "T. P., the Invalid." At that a fellow who succeeds and one who fails the window. We rush out of the room and period, she adds, during a general elec- is that the first gets out and chases the down to the cellar." There is further men who need him, and the second sits vivid description here of those painful or eight speeches a day, and often did, around waiting to be hunted up." It was scenes. two or three in one night, keeping up the clear that she must do the chasing: so At 14 Modjeska had finished with the pressure for six weeks and being perfectly she wrote to Lord Burnham, delicately highest grade in the convent school. She fresh at the end of that time. Indeed, his advising him to invite them down for the turned then, she says, to her literary edu-

among her smart guests and thought to adored him.

give him a direct snub, so she said during This master, however, was presently only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made." "Is it?" said Mr. on his knees, he closely examined the "You are quite right," he said blithely, "it is a bad carpet, and I will

On one occasion when Mrs. O'Connor and Bret Harte were stopping at the same country house for Christmas, Harte, who was not a good walker, said he would walk never have we with her if she would let him make laps inated before. round the house, keeping it in view, as if he got too far away he would at once feel tired. While thus lapping the circle he one day propounded to her for explana-tion one of the inexplicable actions of the female sex. Years before, he said, when he was a very young man and living in California, a be utiful young woman who was separated from her husband in order to eke out her income took a few "paying guests," of whom he was one. He at once fell in love with her and they became rather more than friends. He had passed one or two very happy years in her house when an actress fill me with joy?" a brother of hers, a clergyman from the East, proposed coming to California for the winter. Thereupon her conscience woke up, and she informed Harte that he to another town anyway to edit a small paper, so they parted on the most afand he had every intention of marrying Roaring Camp," and she got her divorce and married a millionaire and became a leader of society and eminently respecta-

One day a friend sent him a magazine containing the bitterest attack on him and his story that he ever read. It simply flayed him alive. It said he was advocating vice instead of virtue, and that every virtuous woman ought to boycott the story and not stop there but boycott him also. The publisher who had undertaken to make a book of the story with some other tales and had sent him he magazine told him he knew who the author was. Naturally Harte inferred that it was some orthodox, extremely narrow minded man. What was his surprise when he was informed that his former love had written it. At the momen she happened to be in town arranging a bazaar, and the publisher suggested that Harte go down and muzzle her. He went; she was there, looking like a pure angel, and when he spoke to her "Mr. Harte, no self-respecting woman can talk to you after writing 'The Luck of Roaring Camp'; I must bid you good day!" Harte lifted his hat, went out and never saw her again. Now." he said to Mrs. O'Connor, are a woman, pray explain to me her conduct, because I have been puzzling over it for many, many years." is the simplest thing in the world," replied Mrs. O'Connor. "She was a wolf cunningly dressed up in sheep's clothing that every one in the world thought her a sheep except herself, and she was very angry and bitter that even one peron had found her out. How she must have enjoyed reading that article to her lammy lambkin of a husband!"

Medjeska's Recollections.

e all the world is a sta in these days of convenient travel a well of saying "He was a slave to his passions." employed player is likely to have occupa- was obliged to say "He was a negro to tion upon a considerable part of it, there is no reason to be surprised if such a called upon to say: "I love my country player setting down quite naturally and required the holy and celibate himself and required the holy and celibate is found to interest us keenly. In reading man to declare "I love my wife and my HELENA MODJESKA'S Memories and Im- children." The statement occurred in pressions (Macmillan Company) we have a play "He walked arm in arm with the been well entertained, and we have made | Emperor and whispered in his ear.'

be no monopoly of the attentions of a whispered in his ear." It is never right, mother in such a case, and she grew up, says Modjeska, to be more Catholic than she tells us, largely under the influence the Pope. She has here many interesting of nature, unadvised and forming her own conclusions upon the matters of her experience. She reflects that she could her acting copy of "Phédre" in 1875: not have been a thoroughly amiable child. "Peace! Almighty Father, put an end to Other children had nicknames for her, my tortures. If I could fly from here far, They called her "Princess of the Seafoam,"
"Lady With Long Nails," "Fury," "Weeping Willow," "Laughing Magpie," and she the people here! That jealous, cruel crowd! thinks that some of these names must They make sport of my tears! They mock have fitted her behavior. As a child she my heart's agonies!" In 1876 the family looked on dreadful spectacles. She says: Misfortunes, fires, the hissing of cannon their blood-these are never forgotten soul through and through."

Austrians bombarded Cracow. Modjeska the tumbling deep. Modjeska asked this

Modjeska saw Schiller's play of "Intrigue A certain house in Old Palace Yard, and Love" at the theatre. She tells us away to be tried by court-martial; but as from her little son any longer. One almost always alone. T. P. was a content of the war was practically ended they decided evening T. P. arrived, transcendentally genital bathelor, he loved men and clube.

superseded. A greater dramatist was waiting. An opportunity presented itself. Modjeska tells us: "'Hamlet' made an overwhelming impression on me, and I worshipped at once the great masterwork Bright, getting up deliberately from the of that powerful man born and buried table and taking a silver candelabrum somewhere on the British Islands centuwhich he put down on the floor, and getting ries ago. That mysterious spirit ruling over human souls, the wonderful wizard reading human hearts and God's nature the great, inimitable Shakespeare. He order my firm to send you another in its place," and then he calmly resumed his remained so through my theatrical political conversation and the dinner went career." Polish translations of Shakepeare were scarce, but she was fortunate enough to obtain several of the plays in that language. It is curious to read that among them was "Simon of Athens"; never have we seen that play so denom-Just here we come upon something very

interesting and poetically personal. Mod-

jeska quotes from her diary: "The days do not belong to me, but the nights are

mine. When all are asleep I go to the

window, open it and look out into the

"The days

moonlight, into the starlight night. stretch my arms and breathe deeply. The nightingale's song, the perfume of the acacias, fill me with unspeakable delight and sadness. I wish to have wings and to fly into the endless space. Why am I so moved? Does the idea of becoming Immediately after this extract we read in a passage somewhat different in expression: "About that time happened the great event of my life. Mr. G. S. Modjeska, knowing must find a home elsewhere. He was going my great love for reading, always provided me with books. I read with him Goethe, Wieland and Lessing. He also made me memorize verses from the Nibelungen Saga. It was during those readings that one day he asked me to become his wife. I answered yes without hesitation, because he had already become as dear to me as my own brothers, and besides, my imagination had adorned him with the attributes of all the possible and mpossible heroes I read about in poetry or prose. I believed him to be a man wh could fight to death, kill a lion or a dragon for my sake or, like Werther, commit suicide if I rejected him; for I truly believed he loved me with all the intensity of that most unhappy of Goethe's lovers. The style of that passage is pretty disinctly suggestive. The narrative tells of he Polish insurrection in 1863, of how in Cracow everybody wore black, of the biographer's early experiences as a player f how, patriotically, she refused to play in German, of how her brother, a theatr cal manager equipped with valuable powers of invention, painted the bare legs of some stage devils black when their expected black tights were not forthcoming, and of sorrows that she encountered in the year 1985. Here we must quote. my heart and bruised it to the core. Family considerations do not allow me to give he details of all I suffered at that time; but after fearful troubles with inexorable fate I found myself free, but ill and at the point of death. My mother and my brother Felix brought me and my little on Rudolphe to Cracow, and I never saw Mr. Modjeska again."

him which is a recomendation. In 1868 the two were married. Modjeska had a life engagement at the Warsaw Imperial Theatre. The Russian censor made this engagement intolerable. It is curious to read what the censor did. The word 'slave." for instance, was adjudged to be disloyal. It was cut out in one of the melodramas and replaced by the word "negro." so that one of the actors, instead his passions." In a play a priest was censor detected the undue familiarity of Modieska was born in Cracow in 1840, this. It was changed to read "He walked She was one of ten children; there could three steps behind the Emperor and pages concerning the Warsaw theatre. It came to be intolerable. She wrote on came to America

They had a maid, Anusia, who had been balls, the crash of bursting bombs, the brought up in a convent. The ship be-march of armies, men killed and lying in wildered her. She called it "a house on water." Happily she was not seasick impressions which thrilled my childish She would sit with the little boy in her lap, regarding with what might be called In the revolutionary time of 1848 the a tragic expression now the sky and now ceased for a while. She relates: "There water!" New York did not seem lovely buildings are large, but without style. Brick or chocolate houses (the latter called here brownstone) with green window shades look simply awful. The whole the streets look still more unattractive dows. Imagine that men have here the chairs and putting their feet on the winbarber shops, the clubs and even in some private residences. Wherever you turn these soles stare at you.

These Americans did not scruple to court the luxury of letting the blood run back from their tired and surcharged feet. They humored themselves at the cost of doing offence to the landscape. Places where it might be thought that there would be relief from these harsh urban sights hardly fulfilled their decent purposes. "A few days ago," wrote Modjeska, "we went to Central Park with the desire to take a walk and breathe some cooler, fresher air, but oh, what a disappointment! Most of the trees are too young yet to give any shade, and the roads and paths are asphalted. The asphalt melts under the scorching sun and poisons the air. We returned as soon as we found a conveyance." Not only was Central Park shadeless in 1876 but was Central Park shadeless in 1876 but the ladies of New York were still wearing hoop skirts. Modjeska went to Gilmore's Garden. She wrote: "As I looked at the promenading audience I noticed that women still wore hoops, while that ugly fashion had been given up a year ago or nearly 70.

more in Europe. I had seen them before in the streets, but I thought they were only worn by the poorer class, which could not afford too many changes in fashion. But here the public was made up mostly of the well to do people, and yet hoops reigned supreme. I realized only on the evening why passersby were staring at Mrs. Sypniewska and myself. They not only stared but went so far as to point at us and giggle. They evidently imagined something was wrong with our slim skirts, though the latter were made according to the latest Paris fashion, While they were laughing at our garments we were amazed at the size of their hoops and their heavy black or dark skirts which were worn that summer in New York with white calico or muslim jackets, such as we used to slip on in the morning in the old country before dressing for the street and in family circles only." As we look back in memory to the Central Park trees and the ladies of 1876 we find it impossible to recognize the objects of Mme. Modjeska's vision We believe there were "bustles." The Modjeska family went to California

by way of Panama. The excellent Mr. aprocki, who was a humorist, was one of their party. On the ship on the Pacific side of the isthmus he was discovered leaning over the rail. It was feared that he was suffering from seasickness, but on being questioned he turned upon his interlocutor a joyous face and asked if it was not a great satisfaction to be able to say that on September 9, 1876, he had spat in two oceans. In California Modjeska studied English and sought for an opportunity to play upon the stage. This was afforded by John McCullough, who had a theatre in San Francisco. We find an amusing anecdote here. McCullough, after he had heard her rehearse and had set a date for her appearance, asked the fair actress how she spelled her name. She wrote it out for him, "Helena Modrze jewska." He studied the name, smiled, rubbed his head and said: "Who on earth could read that, I wonder? I fear you will be compelled to change your name, madam." This was against her inclination, but she made the trial and produced the spelling "Modgeska." McCullough smiled again and said that it was too much a suggestion of Madagascar. Thereupon the "g" was changed into "j," and so the name of Modjeska was born for the English speaking world. "Now," said McCullough, "it is quite easy to read and it sounds pretty, I think." He was right. It has a very pleasant sound. The stage experiences of Modjeska in America and in England are related here.

In London there was a man in the audi-

ence who alarmed the management. He

was quiet enough while the play was go-

ing on, but at every fall of the curtain when the orchestra began to play, he napped his fingers, said "Verplucht!" and 'Verdammt!" and rushed forth into the street, where he walked madly up and down. He was Hans von Bülow, and what he objected to was the music. He called on Modjeska and said to her by way of apology: "Why do you allow that jackage of a leader to murder Chopin between the acts? I know he does it to flatter your patriotic feelings, but the head of a sheep has not the faintest idea of rhythm or harmony. It is a sacrilege, a music of cats. My ears are sore from it even now." In Boston, at the first performance of Romeo and Juliet," she noticed that two of the stage boxes were decorated with flags. She inquired regarding this and was told that President Arthur and Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, at that time a candi-In 1866 Modjeska met Karol Bozenta date for Governor, were coming to see the play. After the first act a gentleman came behind the scenes with a very fine basket Chlapowski. There is here a portrait of of flowers, which he asked her to hand to President Arthur at her first call after the next act. She handed the flowers as requested. The President gave her a slight bow and then bowed to the audience. which cheered him enthusiastically. She heard "ferocious cheers" while waiting for the next scene. Inquiring what they was told that Gen Butler had arrived. Another gentleman appeared with another basket of flowers and asked her to hand them to Gen. Butler. handed them, and was amazed when the General as quick as a flash handed her in return a basket many times more gorgeous than the one that she had presented. The applause, Modieska records. was deafening. It affected her, and she was, she says, not a good Juliet that night. The incident may be accepted as significant, for President Arthurdid not succeed

> Mr. Stetson was a most obliging manager. At Booth's Theatre, when Modjeska was to play Adrienne Lecouvreur, she ventured to ask for a Louis Quinze fireplace. Mr. Stetson, sitting at the rehearsal, said: "Wait a moment. What did you say? Louis who?" Modjeska repeated. Mr. Stetson called the carpenter. Where is that man Louis Kantz?" he demanded Bring him to me immediately. I want him to give madam another fireplace He must have it ready for to-morrow's performance." Barrymore, leading man. spoke up. He said: "Louis Quinze is not here, poor man; he died and was buried some time ago." Said Mr. Stetson "Confound it!" He was not lost, however. He said: "Never mind, madam. may find what you want in other theatres.

'll attend to it directly."

himself, whereas Gen. Butler was elected

There is interesting sketching of Modeska's season with Edwin Booth. It was, we believe, Booth's last season. "E. B. is just taking his nap and I can hear in my stateroom his regular and sonorous breathing, commonly called snoring." That was n the special car at Cedar Rapids. The theatre at Cedar Rapids is not extolled. 'Oh! oh! oh!' I exclaimed, and put my handkerchief to my nose when we passe the threshold of the Cedar Rapids temple of art. I wonder if there is in hades a corner which smells as badly as that We learned later that a tannery was just back of the theatre. We burned pastilles. Chinese sticks, paper and at last cotton in order to drown that terrible odor. I sprinkled the stage with eau de cologne and smelt my bottle during the whole act for fear of fainting, but in the court scene I felt positively sick. How I wished some of the stagestruck girls could have been here last night, that I could give them the pleasure of smelling the stage, which in their imagination is a heavenly ground strewn with roses." "Last night we had a very interesting conversation about London and Henry Irving and are both agreed that Irving is a 'great man.' Not a great actor, but a great man,' said Edwin Booth. We returned from our walk [Modjeska and her husband]. I tried to induce E. B. to go out, but he would not. In fact he never goes out. All exercise tires him and makes him unfit for the evening work." "At supper we spoke of Shakespeare, and then I had the opportunity of learning how deeply and thoroughly Booth studies his parts. He says he has no ear for music, but any particular tires in blank verse jars on him as a false note. Of course he puts a great stress upon pronunciation, emphasis and is flections of the voice, and he kindly pointed here last night, that I could give them the